

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or velvet fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

To granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss their hour;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the vernal air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks over the earth with silent tread;
He hears our lowly voices cry,
And then we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all doubtful,
He pinches our faintest sweetest fears;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The tired life voices whose joyous tones
Marginal these common life and strife,
Sing now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a little too bright,
Or heart too pure for faith or view,
He leads it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Be not then that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the souls
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread
For all the homeless spirits tread
Till—there is no dead.

The Lord's Prayer.

As indicating the changes which
the English language has undergone
during the last six centuries, some old
English forms of the Lord's Prayer
possess a curious interest:

A. D. 1258.

"Fader ure in hevene, haleweide
both thi neune, cunen thi kuerlicheit
thi will beothen, in hevene and in
the. The euerich daw bried gif us thiik
dawe. And worz ur dettes us thi
vortizen ure dettours. And lene us
nought into temptation, but deliyou
of uvel. Amen."

A. D. 1300.

"Fadir our in hevene, Halewyd be
thi name, thy kingdom come. Thy
will be done as in hevene and in
erthe. Oure urche dayes bred give
us to day. And forgive us oure dettes
as we forgive oure dettours. And
lede us not into temptation. Bote
de lyvere us of yvel. Amen."

A. D. 1582.

"Orr father which art in heauen,
sanctified be thy name. Let thy
kingdom come. Thy will be done, as
in heaven in earth also. Give us to-
day our super substantial bread. And
lead vs not into temptation, but deli-
uer us from evil. Amen."

A. D. 1611.

"Our father which art in heauen,
hallowed be thy Name. Thy king-
dom come. Thy will be done in earth
as it is in heauen. Give us this day
our daily bread. And forgive us our
debts as we forgive our debtors. And
lede vs not into temptation, but deli-
ver us from euil. Amen."

From the Noct of the Future.

"There was a loud noise like the
report of an over-charged cannon, the
burst boiler sent the splintered iron
and steaming vapor high in the air,
Marianne, the engineer's lovely daugh-
ter, was carried with the debris, and
ascended with frightful velocity in the
direction of the clouds. As she flew
heavenward, the employees held their
breath and shut their eyes—the spec-
tacle was fearful to behold. But John
Young, assistant, who had admired
Marianne from afar, was alive to the
emergency. Seizing a flying machine,
upon which he had just obtained a
patent that morning, he strapped it
to his back, manly back, and spread-
ing the wings of the machine, vowed he
would rescue the girl of his heart, or
die. On he flew in the direction that
his loved one had taken. He reached
her just as her red head had plunged
through a cloud. It was but the work
of a moment to clasp her to his bosom.
"Saved!" came from the crowd below
who had been watching the scene
through telescopes." etc.—[Oil City
Derrick.

"Got any matches?" asks Smith-

kins, stepping into the grocer's.
"Well, I hain't got anythin' else,"
replied the man of pints and pounds.
"You may put me up a half dozen
pounds," said Smithkins. "I'll be af-
ter them presently." By-and-by he re-
turns. Handing the matches, the gro-
cer said sweetly, "Is that all, to-
day, sir?" "Why, no," Smithkins re-
turned. "I did want ten pounds of
sugar and a barrel of flour and a tub
of butter and a few other things; but
when I asked you if you had any
matches, you said you hadn't any
things else, so I bought the other
things over at Herrington's across the
way." You can fancy the feelings of
the grocer, but they cannot be de-
scribed. He is very particular how
he answers customers ever since that
day.

The hum of the tea-kettle paid for
is far more beautiful than an opera-
tic air on a piano that is not.

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WHOLE NUMBER 457.

KENTUCKY PRESS TALK.

WHICH SEEM TO BE ISSUING PARDONS
AND REMITTING FINES.

Governor Blackburn has entirely
regained his usual robust health and
devotes himself to the duties of his high
office with the energy of youth.—[Lex-
ington Transcript.

ENLIGHTENING THE PRESS.

In about ninety nine cases out of
a hundred where that prevalent horse
disease is spoken of, the adjective epi-
zootic is improperly used for the noun
epizooty. Newspaper men should be
better posted.—[Blue-Grass Clipper,
Nov. 10, 1880.]

For the allowance to the special
Judge in the case of the Common
wealth vs. Buford, it seems that it
took eight days to continue the case—
at least Judge McManama allowed
himself for eight days' service as a
special Judge. This suggests the spec-
ulation: If it takes eight days to con-
tinue the case how long will it take to
try it?—Owen News.

DEATHS THE PATENT.

An exchange advertises "A patent
bed warmer for only five dollars."
While we cannot speak from experi-
ence we are disposed to recommend a
different kind of "bed warmer" to our
friends. They have been in use for
two thousand years and have invariably
given the best satisfaction.
They cost a little more, it is true, but
one generally lasts a man a life-time.—
[South Kentuckian.

TAKES NO STOCK IN SPORADICITY.

Louisville has a case of sporadic
small-pox. A case of sporadic small-
pox is one that communicates its sporad-
icity to those around it until every-
body is taken down with it, except
those who run off and break out with
it after they get among their country
kin. Then it and the panic which al-
ways goes with it are epidemic. The
sporadic small-pox is as harmless and
amiable as the mild of a ground-hog
thresher in full blast.—[Glasgow
Times.

On the Road to Ruin.

Mr. Kaufman, of the Washington
Star, is quoted as saying: "I have just
come back from New York, and if I
am any judge of the results of extrava-
gant speculation we will have another
financial panic within five years;
and I should not be surprised if it
came within three years. You can't
get a decent suit of clothes made by
any sort of good tailor in New York
for less money than you paid in the
midst of the war, when we were just
rioting in promissory notes. They tell
me that real estate is again subject to
speculation there, as it is seven
years ago, and is up forty per cent.
above the highest notch at that time.
Now, business of a general character is
not so good as a year ago. The mines
which were paying dividends to a
large number of people in 1879 are
not now productive, and a great deal
of money which got into the hands of
the spendthrift class through that
means has ceased to appear. The
Christmas trade in the outlying cities
has begun late. We are rushing things
again without much regard for the
future."

You Must Pay.

Those who subscribe to a church
building fund can be compelled to
pay. A case has been decided in the
Court of Appeals. To the claim of the
church, the delinquent offered
certain technical objections, founded
on an alleged lack of organization,
proper appointment of treasurer, and
defective wording in the subscription
paper—objections which at first were
sustained by the lower courts, but on
being taken to the Court of Appeals the
judgment was reversed, and a verdict
found for the church for the entire
amount, with interest and costs. The
case is an important one, as showing
that our highest courts are disposed to
uphold the rights of churches against
refractory subscribers who make large
promises and then refuse to keep
them, hiding under some petty techni-
cality to escape their just obligations.
It is to be presumed that subscriptions
towards a pastor's salary would come
under the same ruling.

Paper Barrels.

The American Manufacturer states
it has good authority, that the Stan-
dard Oil Co. propose to abandon their
large cooper shop in this city into a
manufactory of paper barrels. The
Standard Company makes no fewer
than 30,000 barrels a day. Their
factories in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, To-
ledo, turn them out, all iron-bound
and blue-painted, at a cost of \$1.35 per
barrel. Of course machinery has to
do the work, which could not have
been done in the days of the old hand-
labor cooperages. One machine alone
takes a barrel and fits it with iron
hoops at the rate of 1,200 a day. To
attend to these hooping machines it
takes a man and two boys for each to
properly dispose of the barrels as fast
as the machine "hoops them up."
Even the painting is done by machin-
ery. If the paper barrels can be fur-
nished at the rate of \$1.30 each, the
savings to the oil company will be \$9-
000 a week not counting Sunday.

Baltimore, Md.—I have used Dr.
Bull's Cough Syrup personally and in
my family for two or three years, and
am prepared to say that there is noth-
ing to compare to it as a remedy for
Coughs, Colds, etc. James Currie,
Dentist.

Got Their Clothes Mixed.

Mark Twain, in his new book called
"Tramps Abroad," tells how a party of
tourists got wet, and what they did
when they came back to the hotel:
"We stripped and went to bed, and
sent our clothes down to be baked; all
the hordes of soaked tourists did the
same. The chaos of clothing got mixed
in the kitchen, and there were
consequences. I did not get the same
drawers I sent down, when our things
came at 6:15. I got a pair on the new
plan. They were merely a pair of
long, white ruffled, curled sleeves,
hitched together at the top, with a
narrow band, and they did not come
down to my knees. They were pret-
ty enough, but they made me feel like
two people, and disconnected at that.
The man must have been an idiot to
get himself up like that to rough it
in the Swiss mountains. The shirt
they brought me was shorter than the
drawers, and hadn't any sleeves to it
—at least it hadn't any more than Mr.
Darwin would call rudimentary
sleeves; these had edged around them,
but the bosom was ridiculously plain.
The knit silk undershirt they brought
me was on a new plan, and was really
a sensible thing; it opened behind and
had pockets in it for the shoulder
blades; but they did not seem to fit
me and I found it a sort of uncom-
fortable garment. They gave my
boiled coat to somebody else and sent
me an ulster suitable for a giraffe. I
had to tie my collar on because there
was no button on the foolish shirt
which I described a little while ago."

Proof Against All Temptation.

The Lowell (Mass.) Courier is re-

sponsible for this story:—

Dramatis Personae—A good young
man; three evil-minded gamblers; a
clergyman, with his wife and daugh-
ters, traveling for bronchitis.

Scene—A Pullman car on the over-
land trip to California; gamblers play-
ing poker; young man reading his
"Traveler's Guide," preacher looking on.

First Gambler—"Young man, will
you join us in a friendly game of
cards?"

Young Man—"Thank you, I never
play cards."

Second Gambler—"Young man, will
you take a nip?" (Purses him the
flask.)

Young Man—"Thank you, I never
drink."

Third Gambler—"Young man, will
you have a weed?" (Extends his
cigar case.)

Young Man—"Thank you, I never
smoke."

Clergyman—"Young man, I have
watched your conduct with great
pleasure. I have seen you refuse to
gamble, drink and smoke. I should
be glad if you would go into the next
car and allow me to introduce you to
my daughter."

Young Man—"Thank you, I never
marry."

What a Democratic Congress Has Done.

The lobby has been almost entirely
extinguished. No bounties, no sub-
sidies, no land grants, no huge doubt-
ful claims of any description have
been passed, and the executive de-
partments have been kept by Con-
gressional vigilance and economy in
tolerably decent order. This is a re-
cord of which the party has reason to
be proud. It presents an honorable
contrast to that of the Republicans,
when Mr. Blaine was Speaker and
Mr. Garfield, as Chairman of Approp-
riations, "held the purse strings of
the nation;" when the railroad lob-
bies took possession of the very floor; when
Credit Mobilier and the Golyer scan-
dals came thick and fast; when mem-
bers boarded their land-grant bonds;
when carpet baggers were formed in
squad for sale; and when every day's
report was loaded with accounts of
Congressional corruption, until the
people rose and swept out the whole
concern in a storm of wrath and dis-
gust.

A young man saw an advertisement
of the "Miniature Piano Company,"
where for one dollar he could have a
new instrument on which any one
could play at sight. He sent his little
dollar, and received not a piano, but
instructions how to make one: "Take
a flour barrel—any old one it will do—
and put as many cats into it as it will
hold. Leave a slit in the side the
whole length of the barrel. A sharp-
pointed stick moved along in this slit
is sure to produce all tones desired,
since most of the cats will answer to
the prodding. A child can play it."
He used to recover his money, because
the music was not "popular."

An elegantly dressed male drove up
to a toll gate on the Paris pike recent-
ly and pitched a dollar to the seven-
teen-year-old girl who collects toll.
The dollar fell into the mud, and the
girl had to pick her way out to get it.
She went into the house, returned with
the change in five and ten cent pieces,
and saying, "Here's your change,"
pitched it to the young man.

Advice to Young Skaters.

Never try to skate in two directions

at once.

Eat a few apples for refreshment's
sake while skating, and be sure to
throw the cores on the ice for fast
skaters to break their shins over.

There is no law to prevent a begin-
ner from sitting down whenever he is
so inclined.

Skate over all the small boys at
once. Knock 'em down. It makes
great fun, and they like it.

If you skate into a hole in the ice
take it coolly. Think how you would
feel if the water were boiling hot.

If your skates are too slippery buy
a new pair. Keep buying new pairs
until you find a pair that is not slip-
pery.

In sitting down do it gradually.
Don't be too sudden; you may break
the ice.

When you fall headlong examine
the straps of your skates very care-
fully before you get up. That will
make everybody think you fell
because your skates were loose.

Wear a heavy overcoat or cloak
until you get thoroughly warmed up,
then throw it off, and let the wind cool
you. [This will insure you a fine cold!]

After you get so you can skate toler-
ably well skate three or four hours
—skate frantically—skate till you
can't stand.

Why Is It?—They can instantly
easily photograph an express train
going at sixty miles an hour so that
it looks, smoke and all, as if it were
taken at a stand still. And yet they
can't, or won't, photograph a man sit-
ting in a chair without screwing his
head round in a vise like a moveable
doll, and keeping him looking at a
smudge on the wall till his lip drops
and his eyes water, and the pleasant
little speech he meant to think about,
just to hold the expression, goes
meandering through his head like the
ghost of a homeless echo. Every
"photographer's studio" must be at
least twenty years behind time. Why
is it?—[Boston Post.

From time immemorial the fisher-
men of the Mediterranean shores, of
Cornwall, and of the Scandinavian
coasts, have been directed in their
work by lookouts stationed upon cliffs
to discover the approach of schools.
Of late the enterprising fishermen of
Norway have called to their aid the elec-
tric telegraph, laying down more than
twelve hundred miles of wire, to
bring the fishers into instant commu-
nication with the watchers, and to no-
tify the fish merchants where to go for
supplies. The Norwegian coast gives
employment to 40,000 fishermen dur-
ing a large part of the year.

It was in the theatre. The two gen-
tlemen were from the country. After
the curtain fell on the first act one of
them, who had been reading the pro-
gramme, said, in an excited manner:
"It's an infernal swindle, just got up to
take in strangers!" "What's a swin-
dle?" "Here it says the next act is
two years later. I wonder if they
think we are going to stay in Galves-
ton at two dollars per day just to see
this thing out?"—[Galveston News.

It was in an Ellis-street restaurant
the other night a waiter was apolo-
gizing for the dilapidated state of his
napkin. "Don't mention it," respon-
ded the customer sally. "I don't
mind the holes in the least. That
part of your napkin is always sure to
be clean." And for the next ten mi-
nutes nothing could be heard but the
butter combing its hair out in the
pantry.—[San Francisco Post.

A Michigan boy ate a bar of soap on
a wagon and then drank a lot of soda
to take the taste out of his mouth, and
the way he spouted suds and soap bubbles
for the next half-hour baffled the skill
of fourteen doctors, who madly per-
formed about him, not having been in-
formed of the cause of the lad's suffer-
ing. They are all at loggerheads now
about what to call the case.—[Boston
Post.

See if you can say this rapidly
and correctly: Theophilus Thistle,
the thistle sifter, sifted a sieve full of
sifted thistles. Well, if Theophilus Thistle,
the thistle sifter, sifted a sieve full of
sifted thistles, pray where is the sieve
full of sifted thistles that Theophilus
Thistle, the thistle sifter, sifted.

What madness is it for a man to
starve himself to enrich his heir, and
thus turn a friend into an enemy! For
his joy at your death will be pro-
portioned to what you leave him.

The "season" at Jacksonville, Fla.,
lasts from the middle of November to
the middle of May. There were 60,
000 visitors last season, and more are
expected this season.

When anything is accidentally
made too salty, the excess may be cor-
rected by adding a tablespoonful of
vinegar and the same quantity of
sugar.

Wifely Love.

Ever since the primitive days when
Adam and Eve lived together in the
garden God gave them, there has been
love in the world; the love of the pa-
rent for the child; the love of the child
for parent; love that is fraternal; love
the sweetest mortal ever found—which
draws lover and sweetheart together;
last of all, most sacred of all, nearer
to heaven than all, the love of hus-
band and wife for each other. This
is the one earthly love pronounced by
the Creator supreme. It should be life
lasting. Nothing ought to interfere
with its smooth and beautiful course.
The sin committed against this love is
unpardonable as compared with sin in
general. The love of a husband for
his wife, of a wife for her husband—the
love which He has declared shall
rule all else; the love for which a wo-
man is commanded to leave mother
and father and cleave to her husband.
Holy and grand as this passion of our
lives may be, how very few people
there be who are controlled by its sa-
cred influence in comparison to the
multitude who put their feet upon it
and tread it into the dirt and filth of
a selfish, sinful life!

MIXED.—A Kentucky man had two
springs on his place, the waters of
which, when mixed, effervesce like a
seltzer powder; and the other day
when an old mule got loose and drank
copiously from first one spring and
then from the other, it was seventeen
minutes before he could catch his
breath, and then he went and kicked
down four rods of fence to make sure
the disturbance wasn't caused by swal-
lowing his own hind legs.

"What do you mean playing nar-
bles on Sunday, you little rascal?" ex-
claimed a father. "Oh, this is a sa-
cred game of marbles, pa." That boy
remembered that the "old rascal" at-
tended a "sacred concert" the previous
Sunday, whereat the "Fatinitza
March" and the "Turkish Patrol"
were the sacred hymns.

"My son," said an American fath-
er, "how could you marry an Irish
girl?" "Why, father," said the son,
"I'm not able to keep two women, and
if I married a Yankee girl I'd had to
hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

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